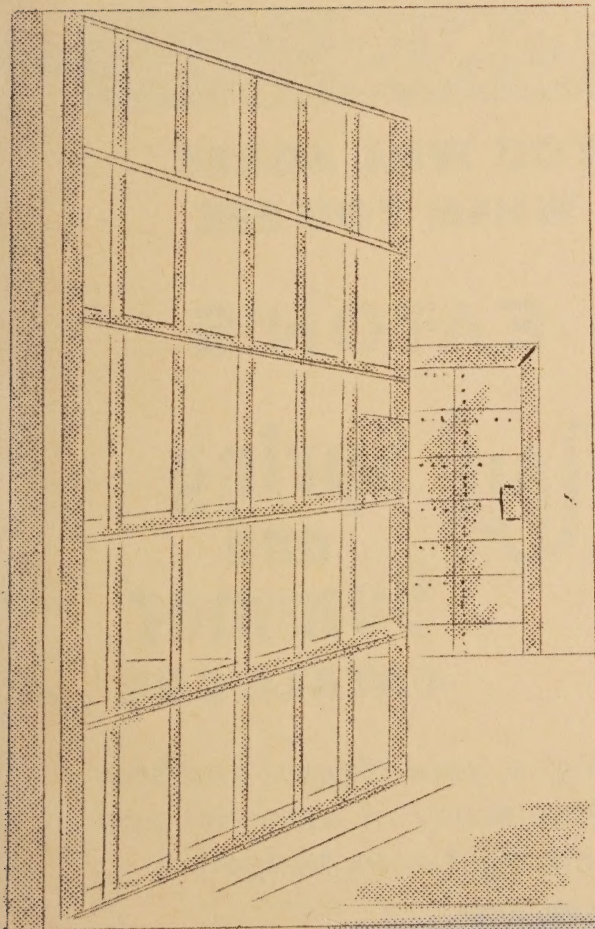


V. 2, No. 6, 1953

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A.H. CAMPBELL, WARDEN

EDITORIAL STAFF:

W. Lake.....Editor.G. Enns.....Make-up

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS.

S. Smith.A. Seguin.R. Belloff

S. Severson.N. Hanlon.G. Gagnon

MOUNTAIN ECHOES is published by the inmates of Manitoba Penitentiary, Manitoba. No articles of a scurrilous or defamatory nature or in any way detrimental to the administration of justice, will be published. Any views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the administration.

EDITORIAL

The blood lust ~~the~~ ~~bestial~~ craving for an eye for an eye slowly receded with each passing minute as they slowly twisted and turned and kicked away their lives.

FIFTY MINUTES TO DIE

This editorial originally appeared in the
United Church Observer.

Two criminals found guilty under the law and sentenced to death were hanged in the Don Jail in Toronto in the early morning of December 16th. Hundreds of people, the press estimated, milled around outside the gates of the jail shivering in the midnight cold. What they waited for nobody knew. Nothing was to be seen, nothing heard. They were attracted to the spot no doubt, by a strange sort of morbid curiosity that fascinates certain people. The two men were hanged together. Quite likely their necks were broken by the fall, but the hearts continued to beat. The doctors listened through stethoscopes for the last faint heart ticks. Fifty minutes after the platform dropped they were pronounced dead. It took them fifty minutes to die.

Can anything be more brutal, more cruel or inhuman? We would not treat a dog that way. The

Christian conscience is shocked at such a sadistic spectacle. Surely if it is necessary to put a criminal to death----and we are not persuaded it is the Christian thing to do----surely some more humane way of doing so should be used. There are plenty of drugs, any one of which injected into the blood stream would cause instant death. There are lethal chambers where the last penalty could be exacted painlessly and decently.

Is there not some legislator who would champion such a change? Are we forever to let this brutal, barbarous practice continue? In between hangings nobody gives any thought to the matter, then when we learn that it took 50 minutes before men hanged were pronounced dead, we are sickened and saddened by it. Something should be done about this soon, before another such exhibition.@@

God made man a little lower than the angels, and he has been getting a little lower ever since.

--Will Rogers.

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(Cover design by G. Enns)



THE CHILD PRISONER

By A. Seguin.

Turning his back on the Magistrate, a 14 year old boy said arrogantly: "I've had enough of this." The Magistrate ordered the boy turned around and declared. "You are sentenced to 5 years in the penitentiary." This sad episode ended a trial during which a 14 year old boy was found guilty of breaking into 9 homes and stealing 9 cars in the city of Vancouver.

Similarly in a Montreal court, a boy of 14 years of age was sentenced to 3 years in penitentiary for purse-snatching and other petty thefts.

Admittedly, the boys have done wrong, they have broken the laws and must suffer the consequences. In theory, if not always in practice, wrongdoers are punished and the punishment must fit the crime or crimes committed. The extent of the punishment is left to the discretion of the trial judge whose duty it is to be fair, lenient, yet impartial.

In the case of these two young boys who yesterday were in knee pants, it is extremely difficult to understand the reasoning of a court which sentenced them

to penitentiary. Perhaps the court officials have never seen the inside of our grey walls, perhaps they are ignorant of the regulations governing the lives of its inmates and lack of facilities to imprison and treat boys of such tender age. What is expected of a penitentiary term, what are children to learn in penitentiary and how will they prepare themselves for their return to society are all questions that must remain unanswered---the future will tell.

Penitentiaries are not meant for children, as everybody should know, and, until our government decides to provide infant care and to operate kindergartens, children do not belong inside the walls. Since there are no facilities to provide individual care to prison inmates, these children will have to adapt themselves to existing conditions, and the knowledge that they will acquire within our walls will only lead them to a definite and conclusive life of crime. Penitentiaries are not reform schools; an inmate who sincerely wishes to reform must do so on his own, and this certainly may not be expected of two young

boys whose immature minds have yet to be developed.

Surely judges realize that these boys are at a critical age and in need of specialized treatment and tender care. Their reactions in future years may only be governed by the treatments received now. These boys belong in homes; they have a right to a home; they belong in school where their minds may be filled with more important knowledge than what they will learn in penitentiary. Obviously, these youthful criminals had a bad start in life and never had the opportunities to live normally. In cases of this nature, it is the duty of the court to recommend the establishment of homes as it is the duty of society to provide for the welfare of our youths.

Justice is usually represented as a blind woman holding a balance, but it does not necessarily follow that judges must be blind. A judge, in our Canadian courts of justice, is expected to hear and determine degrees of guilt, to be impartial and to administer justice on the merits of the facts presented. He is expected to be fair, lenient and to protect the weak and innocent. Although circumstances might not minimize the gravity of a crime, the facts should be a deciding factor in determining the punishment. Certain judges, in other cities, are using discretion in dealing with juveniles and surely a boy of 14

living in a large city such as Montreal, Toronto or Vancouver is no worse or better than a boy living in Fort William, Brandon or other smaller cities or towns.

In sending these two boys to penitentiary, these two judges are establishing a precedent. Their names should go down in history as men of great vision, protectors of Canadian youths and builders of morale in our youthful citizens. If it is their wish to give society, whose protectors they are, two confirmed criminals, they are justified in sending the boys to penitentiary. If, on the other hand, they believe in reforming these boys, they have failed in the performance of their duty.

To the two young boys go our best wishes. May they find the help and guidance to see them through these years of solitude. We firmly believe that the penitentiary authorities will show more sympathy towards them than was shown in court, and we trust that life behind the bars will be made as easy and as bearable as it is humanly possible.

In conclusion may they return to society free of resentment and bitterness, willing and ready to accept their responsibilities as young Canadian citizens. If such a miracle is performed, it will be a credit to penitentiary administration, surely not to the Vancouver or Montreal Courts of Justice. @ @

oOo

Dear Editor---"After two years of married life my husband and I both find we've made a mistake. Should we separate?"

Answer---"Yes. But what will you do with the mistake?"

--Public Service News.

EDUCATION WITHIN THE INSTITUTION

By J.D. Weir,
Teacher-Librarian.

Much has been written during the recent years about life behind prison walls. New programmes stressing reform and rehabilitation have been introduced with considerable vigor and enthusiasm. If we accept definitions of "Education" such as the one which defines it as the "Creating of attitudes", or the version found in the dictionary referring to Education as the development of character and mental powers, we can readily see its importance in modern penology.

I would like to take this opportunity of pointing out the availability of all our educational facilities to all inmates seriously interested in self-improvement. Whether it be a Correspondence Course, either Academic or Vocational, actual Class Attendance, or enrolling in the Art

Class he is assured of our full co-operation.

I have found during the past four years or so that the fellows who have made the most of our educational facilities have found the effort well worth while. I believe they have found cause to believe the old Spanish Proverb which states:

"The pleasures of the senses pass quickly, those of the heart become sorrows, but those of the mind are with us even to the end of our journey."

It also seems to me that the men who mustered sufficient grit and determination to proceed with their studies, despite all obstacles, are generally the fellows who leave the penitentiary gates on their day never to return.

I believe that they would heartily endorse this "Student's Creed".

I will blot out of my life the failures that come from wasted hours and write into it the success that comes from time well spent.

I will fix my eyes on the goal of my ambitions and hold my hand to its task.

I will work hard, hope high and live up to the best that is in me; then I can write at the end, "Well done."

I would like to add a word about the tendency to get "fed up with everything" and then adopt a permanent "what's the use attitude" with respect to self-improvement.

It is easy to embark on an educational project with vigor and enthusiasm and then as the novelty wears off and difficulties begin to arise to abandon the whole scheme.

I think all of us at one time or another find ourselves in the frame of mind when we feel discouraged, neglected beyond our depth and unable to continue----

in these low moments we feel the obstacles that lie between us and our goal are too difficult for us to surmount. To give way to these emotions is to accept defeat. To overcome them with the sure knowledge that we are only defeated when we cease to try is to know the finest type of success.

R.W. Service has something of this spirit in his poem "The Quitter".

"Your sick of the game!" Well, now, that's a shame.

You're young and you're brave and you're bright.

"You've had a raw deal!" I know-- but don't squeal,

Buck up, do your damndest and fight.

It's the plugging away that will win you the day,

So don't be a piker, old pard! Just draw on your grit; it's so easy to quit.

It's the keeping your chin up that's hard.

It's easy to cry that you're beaten---and die;

It's easy to crawfish and cowl; But to fight and to fight, when hope's out of sight---

Why, that's the best game of them all.

@@@

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"Did you get home all right last night?"

"Fine, thanks, except that as I was turning in to my street some idiot stepped on my fingers.

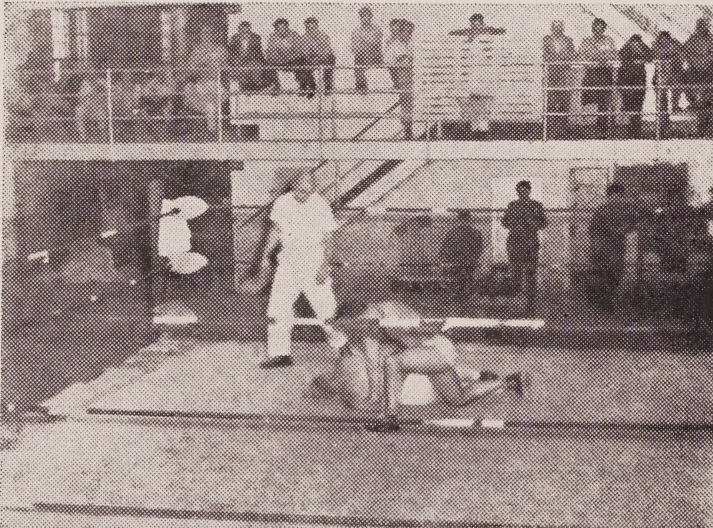
WRESTLING

BY N. HANLON

Four bouts made up the card of a wrestling show that was presented here on Sunday, January 18th. St. Paul's College in co-operation with Frank Townsend made this show possible.

- | | | |
|----------------|-----|-----------------|
| 1. Joe Tardi | VS. | George Sucherov |
| 2. Dave Piper | " | Jerry Tardi |
| 3. Bill Klump | " | Wilf Boiley |
| 4. Bobby Jones | " | Red Eakin |
-

Joe Tardi, one of the wrestling Tardi's of St. Boniface and the "WHIP" Sucherov performed in the opener. This bout had everybody on their toes with the terrific pace set by both contestants. The outcome was in doubt all the way with the loser giving as much as he received. Joe Tardi, the winner, won the event by employing a series of body slams to take the fall. Time:17:15.



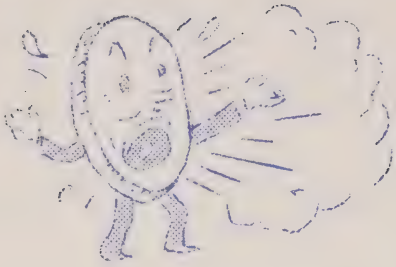
(Action shot of Joe Tardi pinning the "Whip" Sucherov to the canvas.)

--- oOo ---

The second bout witnessed the downfall of Jerry Tardi who is the Middleweight Champion of Manitoba. Dave Piper, his opponent from Winnipeg, gave a classy display of the finer points of grappling and succeeded in squirming out of many a tight spot.

Jerry Tardi showed to good advantage

Treatment, not punishment, will
cut our growing crime rate.



I keep reading in different newspapers the opinions expressed by various law enforcement agencies as to why our jails are kept full. The thought occurred to me that it's quite possible that these various representatives of different agencies interested in crime prevention fail to dig deep enough before expressing their opinions.

The quoted figures on the "Repeater problem," for instance, may be quite true. Also the figures on the number of arrests and convictions in a current year. However, I wonder how many of these members of various law enforcement agencies worry about a person after he or she has been convicted? I know that quite a few people will ask the question, "Just why should anyone worry about persons who don't think before breaking the law?" The best of it is, that, people who ask this question, have a point. A very good point as long as they are willing to pay taxes to support penal institutions. I presume that the average taxpayer operates on a budget. This has proved to be an economical measure. Yet the same taxpayer who must by nec-

How

ABOUT

IT?

By S.C. Smith

essity watch his household and other expenses so closely, will go on paying taxes year after year towards the upkeep of institutions apparently making no effort to remedy the situation or even question just why a situation such as this exists?

I'm very much afraid that if I were a law-abiding taxpayer, I'd snarl occasionally about having to feed and clothe these characters in various institutions throughout the country. I suppose however, that eventually I'd subside and go on paying out good tax money.

Your jails and penitentiaries are full of convicted criminals and furthermore, men will go out and come back just as long as the public adopts the lethargic atti-

tude that is prevalent today. What does the public know or even care about the men sentenced to prison? I know that everyone will scream: "Why did you get yourself in there?" Well it isn't because we like it. Does anyone think that it is pleasant to be cooped up here enduring routine day after day? Being peeked at twenty four hours a day, being regimented at every turn? This is necessary, we realize that, but that doesn't mean we are fond of it, nor do we get used to it, although probably one could point at some of us and smugly state: "You keep coming back, so you must like it." That's like telling a person that they caught a cold a second time because they enjoyed having the first one. The point I'm trying to make is; that we're here not because we like it but because we were unable to help ourselves.

I'm not just looking for sympathy, we are like sick people, sympathy won't help us. We need treatment. You have hospitals outside to treat sick people. We're sick people. Our make-up is such that apparently we can't compete on even terms with the next guy, so we try for the "edge" as a result we wind up in here. We do our time, go out, come back, go out again, come back again. Why? Simply because like sick people who are still sick but who are well enough to leave a hospital, we need further treatment. If that treatment is not forthcoming our weak resistance is further lowered and we return. The wicked truth of the whole thing is that the oftener we return, the weaker becomes our resistance.

I readily admit that some of us apparently are never cured. In these cases other measures must be taken. But experience with this type should serve as a guide for the future.

First of all I think that the various law enforcement agencies should sit up and take notice. Police Chiefs, Prosecutors, Judges and what have you, should make it their business to find out a little about what happens between the time a man is arrested and sentenced and when he re-appears in the same courtroom in front of the same judge practically as soon as he is released after serving his former term.

A person can appear time after time in front of the same judge and the only thing he will get is possibly more time, as he crawls through life. Why can't a judge be interested enough to enquire as to what has happened since the previous sentence? Another sentence is immediately forthcoming and then everyone sits back and waits for the convicted person to re-appear so that they can drool over his wicked record and once again add that to the record.

Once a man or woman is sentenced they are sent into oblivion as far as the public is concerned. We don't ask nor expect anyone to stay up nights worrying about us, but up until just recently, when a man or woman returns to society after serving a term in an institution, they might as well be returning from the Land of Oz. True, with the introduction of sport and recreational programs as part of the new penal set-up, the pub-

(Con't. on page 20)

THINGS I'D LIKE TO SEE

Re: GRADING....More
emphasis placed on
initiative and less
on gang percentage.

Automatic pencils
be legalized.

Someone teach Eddy
Haas how to type.

Gerry "The Snoop"
Enns see all the off-
sides etc., as fast as he sees ev-
erything else.

Maurice Smith lay off the Mar-
ciano-Walcott fight. I think I've
got a winner?

When good Queen Beth ascends her
throne,
In all the pomp and glory,
Those rumours won't turn out
to be
Just the same old story.

The shining eyes of a certain
blonde doll from out where the
chinook winds gather.



Ray "The Hook"
Haggerty roar i n g
"RADIO" at Hank "The
Snarler" Ceretti.

Someone give "Keep
Your Powder Dry"
Gunn a few smokes.
I'm just about out.

A Pre-Release pro-
gram be set up in
reality.

The ear-muffs that would fit
"The Bat's" ears.

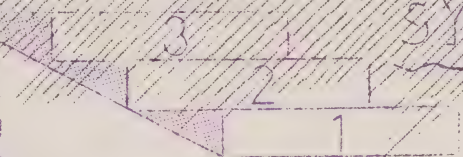
Willie "U" make the All-Stars
Johnny A. make his parole.
The canteen get some Cee-gars,
And Buddy "F" score a goal.

Someone get the better of Coach
Dudley Perkins in a player deal?

The Cut?

The other unused 80% of the New
Deal in penology be put into eff-
ect.

THE GRADING SYSTEM



By Dave Cindler

In officially announcing the new grading system and the beginning of a canteen on October 1st. Deputy Commissioner J. McCulley (since retired) said that this was another big step towards the rehabilitation of prison inmates. We were given a list of the qualifying factors and were told that there would be a "quota"

Fifteen months after the inauguration of the grading system it is obvious and evident that the "quota" can be a big factor in defeating the purpose of the system. In fact there is a general feeling that it has failed in its objective. This is probably far from the truth, but it follows that this feeling is an unhealthy one.

In any event, in time, the "long-timers" (will have earned) and are bound to wind up in the preferred grades (not unjustly) thereby monopolizing and "locking up the 'quota'". But what about the men on the waiting list who have repeatedly been recommended and had their recommendation denied because the grades are not available? It is quite obvious that in this system a two or three year man can come and go and never receive the benefits of the top grade, even though he has all

the qualifications.

There is the fact that transferred prisoners of other institutions who have made the preferred grades must be assimilated into our "quota". They do not lose their grades and rightly so as they have no control over their transfer, but this sets the man on the waiting list back a little further. Another product of the "quota" is the regulation that any man asking for and receiving a change of work will be lowered in grade. This rule applies regardless of the fact that the change may be to gain experience in his chosen field by an inmate who sincerely and honestly is trying to better himself. Paradoxically, one of the qualifying factors is: "Using the facilities of the institution to better oneself". Often the inmate by this time may have been fortunate enough to have gained his grading. What will his choice be? To retain his grading with its very obvious benefits or sacrifice it for a change of work and the long road to grade promotion?

When an inmate gets "short", he is supposed to have top priority, as a small sense of management goes with his choice of either saving or spending his earn-

(Con't page 19)

TINY BITS

By Rover

Usually this column is devoted to the lighter side of prison life, at least that is the impression we try to convey to our readers, but there have been occasions when the desire to write of more serious happenings have suddenly occurred. And this occasion is one of them.

On January 22, a St. Vital Councillor was sent to jail for three months in Juvenile Court on a charge of contributing to juvenile delinquency. The case involved a girl under eighteen years of age. His conviction and sentence will not mean he will automatically forfeit his seat on council, though the mayor said that if he was absent from six consecutive meetings of council his seat would be forfeited. The mayor went on to say that council could take no steps to declare the seat vacant unless a councillor had been charged with an indictable offence carrying a jail term of more than five years.

During the same day a youth of eighteen years appeared in City Police Court and was convicted and sentenced to jail for a period of six months for stealing a rifle.

Of course there may have been extenuating circumstances in both cases, but the question that I would like answered is: Which case is the more serious?

Now to the lighter side.

Instead of riding a white horse and flashing a shining steel sword, Pete Stepanoff is now riding the handles of a wheelbarrow and flashing the end of a number nine shovel in the coal-pile at the boiler room.

(Boy! Will the waistline drop now!)

One of the numerous pupils that Steve Bolonchuk trains in the finer arts of fisticuffs was overheard asking Steve between rounds of a sparring session:

"Have I done him any damage, Steve?"

Steve, slightly disgusted, answered. "No, but keep swinging. The draft might give him a cold."

(I wonder if the trainee happened to be Bill Dika.)

It is said that the shortest poem in the world is entitled "FLEAS" and goes like this:

Adam

Had 'em.

Watching Latour in the nets for the Beavers during a hockey game the other day I suddenly arrived at the conclusion that the man is unconscious. We would like to call the attention of the Hockey Commissioner to check Latour's pads and every puck before game

time. Methinks maybe that radar is, being used.

We overheard Red Beach telling one of his friends that he would like to hear a little less news about the African Mau Maus, and a little more about a Scottish Mau.

This corner has often been critized as to its taste in jokes. "They're not a bit funny" are the reports. But I can't resist them and for those that do appreciate the funnier side, here is one.

Widow (at seance) "Is that you 'Arry?"

Ghost. "Yes."

"Are you happy?"

"Very 'appy."

"Appier than you was with me?"

"Much 'appier."

"'Eaven must be a beautiful place, 'Arry?"

"I ain't in 'eaven!"

George King, the silver-haired orator of the Library, continues to pace back and forth in front of everyone similar to that of a lawyer making his address to a jury. Reports are that the reason for his walking is that he is getting into shape for the 'Old-man's Hockey Game!"

Greek "The Stalwart" has made the headlines again. Amidst cheers and boos and what-have-you, the masked marauder made his debut in the field of hockey.

One-shot, one-goal Perkins, in the nets for the Old Men said that he allowed the opposition to score so that their spirits wouldn't become dampened. Even Wiggles

scored! Who is he trying to kid?

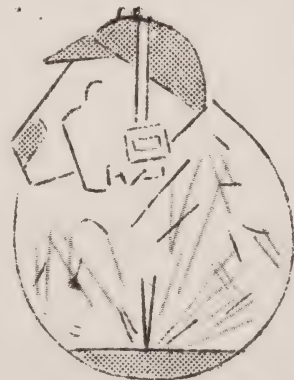
Eddie Haas was pooped after only two minutes of play. It seems that during his initial rush towards the opposition goal the strain of skating and stick handling proved to be much too great for him.

Prior to game time, Johnny Holland was told that he really had gall to step out onto the ice at his age. But Johnny, quite unperturbed at this remark, said quietly. "Don't tell anyone, but I'm just twenty-nine."

In the dressing room after the game, Smoky "The Rocket" Evans, and "Shut-Out" Slavin was asked by your reporter so as to keep the records straight their age. Both, unabashed and without any qualms, claimed to be under thirty. But this we hesitate to believe as it is a well-known fact that both of these gents were around these parts during the time of Warden McLeod.

Knobby says that the only reason he came back was so that he could finish the welding course he started on his last bit.

(Ha, ha! who's he trying to kid?),





BLUE LINE BANTER

By Norman Hanlon

A LEAGUE

January 1st. (First Game)

MONARCHS 6: WINGS 1.

The Monarchs were a little too fast for the Wings at this stage of the schedule. Creed scored the only goal for the Wings with Buddy F. assisting. Primeau, Collinson and Stubbs scored for the Monarchs. The period ended 3 to 1.

The same trio scored three times in the last period while the Wings went scoreless. The game ended 6 to 1 for the Monarchs.

(Second Game)

BOMBERS 8: HAWKS 5.

Bombers first line of Bird, Karchesky and Crossman were responsible for the Hawks defeat. A total of six goals were scored by this line. Benning and Kahut notched the other two. Ceretti, Welburn, Raccio and Hunt were the goal-getters for the Hawks. Welburn denting the twine twice.

ALL-STARS LINE-UP

Kowalchuk	Goal
Benning	Defense
Ceretti	Defense
Pilon	Defense
Buddy F.	Defense
Hunt	R. Wing
Welburn	R. Wing
Stubbs	R. Wing
Bird	Centre
Crossman	R. Wing
Karchesky	L. Wing
Creed	Centre
Gunn	L. Wing
Cote	R. Wing
Collinson	L. Wing

January 4th. (First Game)

BOMBERS 5: MONARCHS 3.

Bombers won their second game by this victory over the Monarchs. Bird with two goals and Kahut, Karchesky and Thomas were the marksmen for the Bombers. The Bombers managed three goals. Stubbs scored two and Cote one.

(Second Game)

WINGS 4: HAWKS 0.

Ritchie's Wings came to life in this one and their new goalie, Kowalchuk, made the difference. They played wide open hockey all the way and were well deserving of the victory. Hawks were unable to penetrate the defense of the Wings and thereby lies



BLUE LINE BANTER

By Norman Hanlon

the tale. Scorers for the Wings were: Hawkins, Pilon, Creed and Buddy.

January 25. (First Game)

BOMBERS 5: WINGS 6.

This was the best game of the season and these teams look like the ones to beat. The action was maintained at a fast pace throughout the game. The Wings started off the scoring with a goal by Pilon. Bombers came back on a goal by Karchesky. Holing put the Wings ahead for a short period until Benning scored for the Bombers. Buddy F. and Cochrane scored successively for the Wings. Bird retaliated with one for the Bombers. Pilon added another one for the Wings. Karchesky scored his second for the Bombers ending the scoring and the game.

(Second Game)

MONARCHS 5: HAWKS 5.

This game was anyone's up until the final minutes. Neither team could break the tie score. Although there were many close calls around both nets this game was marked by a great many penalties on both sides. Goal-getters for the Hawks were: Welburn with three and Hunt with two. For the Monarchs the marksmen were: Stubbs with two, Cote, Chipleck and Primeau with one each.

B LEAGUE

January 3rd. (First Game)

ROYALS 1: TIGERS 1.

Royals and Tigers battled to a tie in the second game of the schedule. The game was hard and the checking close. Both teams were unable to break the tie. Enns scored for the Tigers. Nolan was the scorer for the Royals. Good goal-keeping was responsible for the low score.

(Second Game)

BEAVERS 3: ROCKETS 2.

Beavers were hard pressed to bring this one out of the fire.

(Con't. page 23)

NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS—

A former member of the Editorial Staff has written to the men of this institution saying: "I have found that one sees many of his beliefs and ideals are so much emotionalism when faced with reality. I have yet to meet one person since my release who wasn't the soul of kindness and cooperation.

This morning while milking my cow the remembrance that another year has slid past and the new one is right on top of us caught up with me. I also remembered that just a few short months ago I was one of the millions throughout the world confined to a penal cell for crimes against society; and especially against myself. And from the many New Years I greeted behind prison walls I know that the belief that the convict feels he is the forgotten man creeps into his collection of fallacious ideas and adds one more barrier to his ever finding the reason and wonder of living.

But no man, or group of men, is ever forgotten. Sometime and somewhere he has impinged his ego upon some other individual so that he will always be a memory. For each of you there is someone who shares your solitude and disillusionment at the beginning of the New Year. Maybe it is a loved one, a friend, an idealist who seeks the causes of your imprisonment, or just a plain fool like myself whose fruitless years among you have not been forgotten. But regardless whether the whole world felt sorrow for you at New Year's

the most important thing to you, the man behind the bars, is what you feel toward yourself.

Every convict in every prison in the world looks to the New Year with hope. Hope is his only link with the reality of living. Without hope the convict would sink into the depths of his own bitterness until he became a blank staring caricature of man. But hope is valueless unless man wishes for that which is reasonable and attainable. All else is farcical and merely impossible day-dreams.

Hope is like prayer: neither is fulfilled without a little effort on the part of the individual. Every individual in prison hopes for his release. But it is sheer stupidity to hope for release if one does not hope to stay out. And one can only stay out by utilizing his confinement to prepare himself for a new future.

One of the things I learned on my last bit was that I was not the wise guy I thought I was but the fool others knew I was. I also learned that it is futile to sit in a cell and feel sorry for myself. Instead the inmate should sift out from the knowledge he accumulates that which will make

him indispensable to humanity. Neither should he accept the blind faith of others that there is no place in society for the ex-con. He should prepare himself to be greater and wiser than those he condemns. I have discovered that man is accepted into this life for what he is, not what he was. For each ignoramus who condemns you for your past there are hundreds ready to laugh it off and give you a boost up. After all, you are not that important that people go around worrying about your puny little accomplishments and failures.

It is stupid to offer the man

behind bars a Happy New Years as only a fool could be happy behind bars. But I can give you a little advice and perhaps a little hope. Nineteen fifty-three is no different than any other year. For you it holds no greater promises and offers no greater gifts than any other year. From it you will gain no more than what you put into it. But if you use this year to learn and to observe then instead of your confinement being an era of misery it can be a period of seeking for that in life which will give you your rightful heritage---HAPPINESS.

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(The GRADING SYSTEM, Con't.)
ings. Often times the inmate remains in the lowest grade even though he may be approaching release, because the "quota" is all filled up.

You might say, why all this fuss over a higher grade, after all there is only a five cent difference between grades? Well it happens to be a fifty-percent difference! There is a one-hundred-percent difference in earning power between grade one and a grade three man. This not being extreme enough the difference in spending power between a grade one and a grade three is a ratio of five to one or five-hundred-percent.

Here is how it goes with a number one man being compelled to save as much as a number three man:

The grades number one, two, and three earn a respective ten, fifteen and twenty cents per work-

ing day. Therefore a number one man can spend minus compulsory savings a total of eight-eight cents in two weeks, a number two man one dollar and forty-four cents and a number three man two dollars and four cents or five hundred-percent more than a grade one man. So you see after two weeks of work a grade one man has enough money to his credit for an extra package of tobacco and papers while the grade three man smilingly walks across the yard with a box full of groceries. Which is a repeated reminder to the man who has been recommended for a higher grade and must wait for a vacated grade, of the injustices of the "quota".

Against such odds, even a good philosophical outlook will succumb to a feeling of frustration, an unhealthy feeling that was never intended by those who instituted the grading system.

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(HOW ABOUT IT? Con't.)

lic has been made aware of the fact that people serving time are something more than just animals. They are not only a bunch of dangerous, desperate, murderous criminals. At the same time, even with

A man's interest in the world is only the overflow of his interest in himself. --G.B. Shaw.

the new set-up, discharges from these places are more than ever on the spot. Through softball and hockey teams the public has come in actual competitive contact with us. As a result some of the public expect that this new sport program will send a man out of here completely cured. That, my friends is a false notion. I know one man in here who is a hell of a ball player, also he's a hell of a safe-cracker. So what? He can play ball in here until his legs are worn out at the knees, but if that is all he absorbs while in here then he might as well give himself up.

Mind you, I'm not on a crying jag, it may sound that way to some people, but I sincerely believe that the future of many men lies in the reaction of the public with whom they must associate when released from here. The men in these places must make a sincere effort themselves, that is very important. There are a goodly number of men in here who know how to think and live cleanly if they try. A lot of men spend their time in constructive pursuit. They work diligently at hobbies. We have our own publication, written and printed entirely by inmates.

It adds up to the fact that some men are endeavoring to make time serve them in spite of what one reporter had to say, we are not reeling around in a continuous state of intoxication.

In mentioning an article which appeared in a Winnipeg newspaper, I wish to put over another point. I presume that literally thousands of people have read that article which condemned us as a bunch of drunken sex-mad desperados. It only served to add fresh fuel to the fires already burning against us. Naturally society regards us as a gang of hoodlums. Now I suppose that they look upon us as a desperate bunch of drunken hoodlums.

I'd have liked to have answered that article in the paper in which it was published. Not because I feel we need sympathy but simply because that it's about time that the public began to look upon us as a potential force for good, not evil. You know, if you tell a man often enough that he is rotten, he'll begin to believe it and act the part.

I suppose you are wondering why I've been running off at the mouth like this? Well, I had the opportunity of typing out the addresses on the envelopes we send our "outside" subscriptions in.

Man, woman and devil are the three degrees of comparison.

In looking over the list I saw only four names which were in any way connected with Law. These names were those of men who have defended us in courts of Law. Apparently no other members of the

different Law Enforcement Agencies are interested enough to subscribe to this publication written and published by the men they put away. Once again, I repeat, from the moment we are led out of

There is no indispensable man.
--F. D. Roosevelt

the courtroom, their interest in us ceases.

Let's take the tongue out of the cheek and face the facts. At a recent Chiefs of Police Convention held in Winnipeg, the biggest thing they did was to advocate stiffer sentences for narcotic offenders. Nothing was said about setting up an institution for the treatment of these men. Is it cheaper to pay for a man's keep in prison whilst he serves a life sentence as a Habitual Criminal? Or is it cheaper to put him somewhere where he might be permanently cured? You, as a taxpayer can figure that out.

Possibly there are some who won't like this article. They probably will condemn me for expecting too much. I sincerely believe that, as I have stated, nobody gives a hoot about us. I'm getting sick and tired of picking up a newspaper and reading the mouthings of some misinformed character who places every prison inmate in the same category because of the antics of a few. There are a lot of men in here who will need help when they leave, they have tried to build something while they are here. I think that a lot of them will give you a good value for your investment in human

nature. There will be some who will let you down. If you find a rotten apple in a new case of apples, do you throw the case away?

Why don't the newspapers get behind us guys when we leave these places. Let the public know we're out. They certainly aren't a bit shy in letting them know we're in.

I stated earlier in this article that if you tell a man often enough that he is rotten, he'll begin to believe it. It also applies that if you encourage the good that is in every man he'll likewise react.

I'm writing this for the Mountain Echoes. I believe these to be the thoughts of quite a few of the men here. That's why I recommend that all members of Law Enforcement Agencies should dig down for one buck, (\$1.00) that's all it costs for a years subscription, (twelve copies). Keep a copy on the desk, you'll thereby realize that some men in these places are trying to set the stage for their release. As various writers contribute you'll form an

Provided a man is not mad, he can be cured of every folly but vanity.

--Rousseau

idea as to how men in these places are thinking. If, as you profess, you are interested in our rehabilitation, you'll realize that many men are sincerely trying.



Back Row: A. Ruck, A. Karchesky, W. Benning, J. Collinson, F. Hunt, L. Creed, H. Ceretti, W. Stubbs, T. Welburn, A. H. Campbell.

Front Row: R. Cote, A. Gunn, R. Pilon, R. Kowalchuk, G. Bird, C. Crossman, Buddy F.

ALL STAR HOCKEY

By Norman Hanlon

In the first game of the year, the All-Stars met the Lillyfield Tigers. It was a quiet battle with clean fast hockey the order of the day. Lillyfield scored the initial goal, with the Stars replying with three quick ones. The Tigers tallied once more and the period ended 3 to 2.

The second stanza saw the Tigers dent the twine twice without an answer. Lillyfield 4 and the Stars 3, period over.

Final period witnessed the upsurge of the Stars. They ran wild for a total of seven goals. The Tigers managed but one counter in this frame and the final score was All-Stars 10; Tigers 5.

Standouts on the ice for the Stars were: Bird, Hunt, Stubbs, Kowalchuk, Pilon, Flett. Hardest worker in the triumph was Karchesky.

Lillyfield's best consisted of: Kozak, Baert, Bancroft, Heaps, Mollard, Klempke and Peleshety.

Scorers for the Stars: Stubbs 2, Hunt 2, Bird 2, Karchesky, Collinson, Cote, Crossman.

Assists: Welburn, Buddy F. 2, Bird 2, Gunn, Ceretti, Hunt, Crossman 2, Stubbs.

Tiger Scorers: Bancroft, Kozak, Baert 2, Klimpke.

Assists: Kozak 2, Bancroft, Baert.

(B" LEAGUE Con't.)

The Rockets really tried hard to win but were out-lucked and the Beavers held on to win. Goal-getters for the Beavers were: Blacklock, Latour and Popowich. Kehler and Reich put the Rockets on the score sheet.

JANUARY 10, (First Game)

ROCKETS 1 : ROYALS 3.

Pilon's Royals came through in winning style to notch their first victory. Mitchell with two goals and Nolan were the point getters for the Royals. Stackhouse kept the Rockets in the game with his goal.

(Second Game)

TIGERS 0 : BEAVERS 5.

The league leading Beavers took this one with no trouble at all. They have yet to taste defeat. One tie is the only blot on their record. Latour in goal registered a shutout in his first appearance. Goal-getters for the Beavers were: Brothers, Smith, Blacklock, Popowich and Manns.

JANUARY 17. (First Game)

ROCKETS 1: TIGERS 0

Michalski made his debut a good one as he tallied the game winning marker in the first period. The Rockets held off the Tigers in the last stanza and the game ended in a Rocket victory.

(Second Game)

BEAVERS 2: ROYALS 1.

Perkin's Beavers are still undefeated as the result of this win over the Royals. They were very lucky to win as the Royals turned on the pressure but could not get the puck in the net. Popo-

wich and Manns scored for the winners while Rousseau was the lone Royals' scorer.

January 24. (First Game)

TIGERS 2 : ROYALS 1.

Coleman of the Royals scored their only goal in the first period. The Tigers tied the count on a marker by O'Grady unassisted at the 16:50 mark. In the last period, Lexier scored at 7:37.

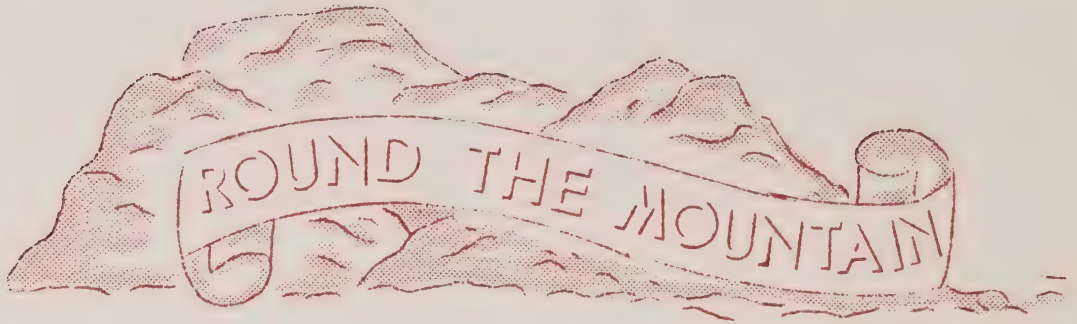
(Second Game)

BEAVERS 4 : ROCKETS 3.

The Beavers are still undefeated as they over-powered the Rockets in a fast game. Blacklock scored twice and assisted on Smith's two goals. They were the point-getters for the Beavers. McIvor, Sherbuck and Dufrane were the scorers for the losers. Enns picked up an assist.

GREY CUP PICTURE

Stu. Clarkson and Dean Bandiera of Blue Bomber fame were visitors here on Saturday, February 7. The last game of the Edmonton-Winnipeg series was shown and Stu acted as commentator. Following this the Grey Cup final was filmed to the delight of the eastern partisans. The Ex-Chicago Bear center and now Wpg. Asst. Coach, did an excellent job of following and describing the various players and plays. James Richardson Co. supplied the Grey Cup film.



A SOCIAL NEED!

By S. Severson

Public attention seems, at long last, to have focused on the ever growing number of narcotic addicts in Canada, many of whom are teen agers. Pressure is now being exerted by a few public spirited citizens in an attempt to remedy the situation. They advocate changes in the "Opium and Narcotic Act" to enable addicts to purchase drugs at government controlled clinics as the step necessary to the stamping out of illegal drug trafficking. This, they rightly feel, will take the profits from narcotics and by so doing make thrill seeking, potential addicts less likely to succumb, as well as enable confirmed addicts to live a useful, productive life in place of forcing them to steal money with which to purchase their supplies at black market prices. The pressure exerted on behalf of legalized narcotic clinics is, as yet, feeble but there is no reason to believe that an aroused public will one day demand such legislation.

During recent years the narcotic problem in this country, has been left entirely in the hands of law enforcement agencies. As a

result, hundreds of users and an occasional small time peddler or "pusher" annually fall into the clutches of the law and are imprisoned for terms ranging from six months to life. Newspapers devote columns of space to each capture and term each a smashing of a gigantic narcotics syndicate operating from coast to coast. Whether the seizure be counted in grains, grams, or hundreths of a grain, the attendant publicity would lead the public to believe that the narcotic situation is well in hand. Nothing could be further from the truth, as the big crime operators are never brought to justice. And each arrest of user or pusher serves only to increase prices of drugs to users. The black market supply does not diminish nor does the demand. For each addict imprisoned another stands ready, or is created, to take his place. The vicious circle continues in an ever increasing merry go round, and the fact remains that at anyone, regardless of color, creed, age, or sex, may purchase heroin or morphine in any Canadian city with the same ease the average house wife buys a cake of

soap.

Drug addiction though a serious problem represents only one phase of the social problem. It has been estimated that more than \$30,000,000. annually is spent by addicts to buy drugs. Most of this vast sum is obtained by crime or vice as the user is otherwise unable to earn sufficient funds to adequately support a habit. The tax payer, in the end, pays the shot, and ironically enough finances empires of crime. For the money derived from narcotics is invested and re-invested in gambling enterprizes, organized prostitution, and major crimes by the men behind the scene in the illegal drug rings. Crime rates, gambling, and prostitution increase sharply in locales where drug trafficking is heavy.

Serious as the problem may seem, a time tested solution is available. Many countries, including England, learned years ago the futility of fighting narcotic problems by suppression. They, instead, made available to the addict at a nominal cost, a sufficient quantity of drugs for daily needs. Addiction dropped sharply and drug trafficking ceased. Crime rates also showed decreases. In fact, in every instance where a country inaugurated controlled legal narcotics for addicts, drugs ceased to be a social problem. One can find no reason why such would not also be the case in Canada.

The Rt. Hon. Paul Martin, Dominion Minister of Health, has been

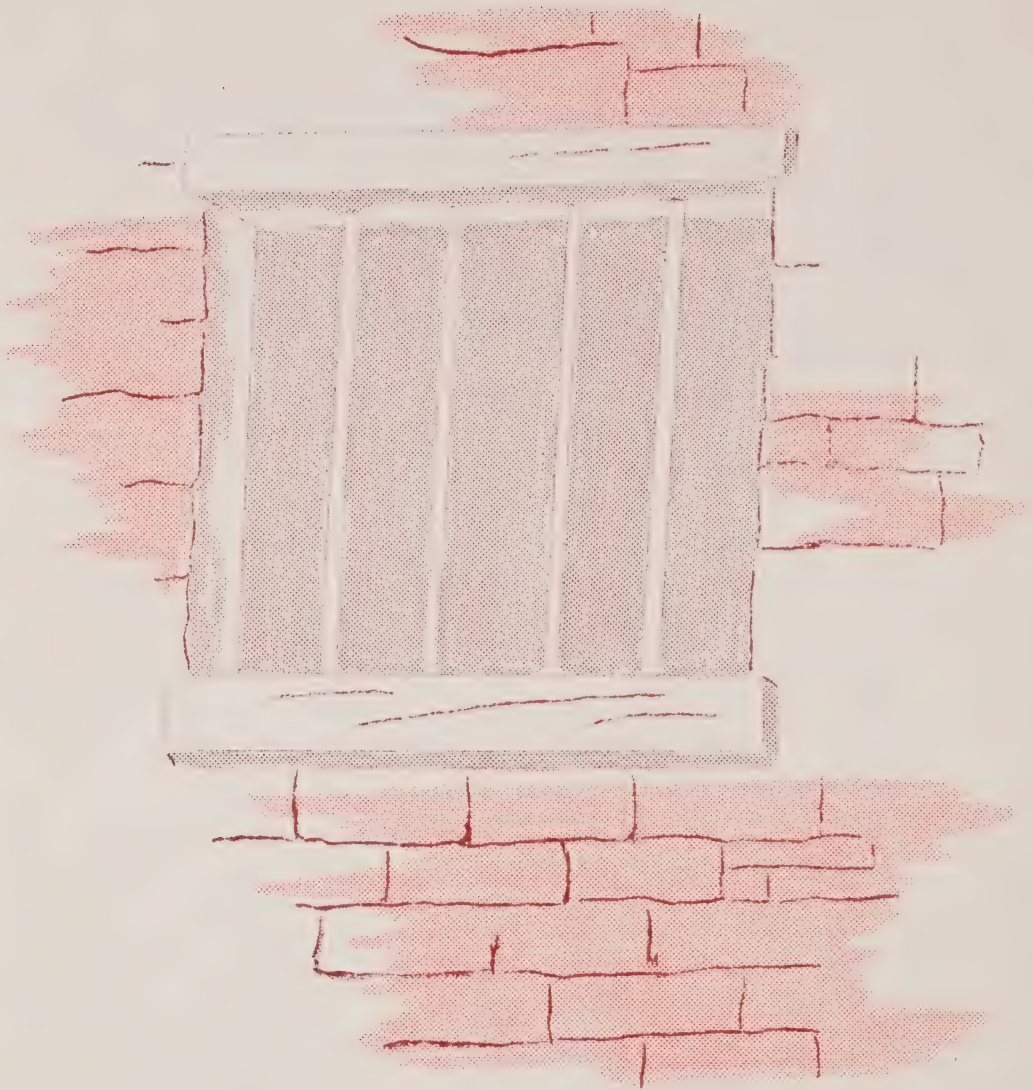
quoted as saying that it is quite unlikely the government will legalize drugs for registered addicts until other methods prove unsuccessful. If such is the case, Mr. Martin need only wait ten or twenty years and it is probable that addicts will out-number non-addicts and they will then be able to vote in their own legislation.

Mr. Martin further states that at stress is being placed on curing addiction. This, if true, would be a laudable endeavour---although probably a wasted effort in most cases----but cold facts show that absolutely no treatment for addicts is available in Canada, whether in prison or outside.

There is now between four and five thousand known addicts in Canada. It is more than likely that the number of unknowns outnumber the known. A survey among Canadian youth groups might cause John Doe to awaken to the dangers of the narcotic situation. It might show his own son or daughter to be an addict. If such were the case, John Doe would be most sympathetic to legislation which would permit his daughter or son to live within the law. His sympathy would, however, carry little weight as far as passing such legislation were concerned. On the other hand, were these addicts the sons and daughters of legislators one can safely assume that the "Opium and Narcotic Act" would, without loss of time, be revised.

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Surely God must have been disappointed in Adam; he made Eve so different.



The prisoner sat alone in the dock. He was a medium built man, wide and heavy in the shoulders. His face, square, was lined with hate. His eyes were a pale steel, unfeeling blue with a peculiar hard cold quality; his lips clenched together firmly showed a grim and an unyielding defiance towards the jury which had just brought in their verdict of "guilty".

Judge Richardson, clearing his throat, finally spoke and his

words ringing out in the quiet courtroom sounded tired and old, very old.

"Jim Morey," he said looking down towards him as he now stood facing the old man who sat high up on his rostrum, dressed in his traditional black robes which signified his judicial position. "You have been found guilty, and it is the duty of this court to sentence you to a period of twenty years in the penitentiary."

For a moment Jim Morey stood

A

Living DEAD MAN

"it is the duty of this court to sentence you to a period of twenty years in the penitentiary."

By G. Enns.

stunned as the words "twenty years in the penitentiary" pierced his mind. And as he realized what it would mean he wanted to yell out at them...wanted to ask them what it would be like to be shut away like some ferocious animal...never to see the outside world for the next two decades? What it would be like to spend half of his life cut off from all communication? He remained silent and his face showed no sign of repentance only an utter contempt for the people who had subjected him to this existence.

He was suddenly brought back to reality as the sheriff pulling at his arm, said. "All right, buddy. Let's go."

He moved across the courtroom as if in a trance, the heels of his shoes clicking sharply on the

hardwood floor with each step. At the door he held out his hands mechanically and felt the cold steel of the handcuffs close around his wrists with a rasping click.

When he was led away the spectators who had been at the trial stared at his receding back, some curiously, some bitterly and others indifferently.

Everything seemed to go so fast. The trip to the railway station...entering the train...being manacled to the arm rest of the seat...and finally he was left alone to bury himself in his own thoughts.

The engine whistled emitted two short, shrilling blasts. The train strained forward in its anxiety to leave; the couplings between the cars became taut and he

was suddenly jerked forward in his seat as they began to move. Slowly at first it left the station and then as it neared the city's outskirts it picked up momentum. Faster and faster its

What is man? A foolish baby.

--Carlyle

speed increased and the telephone poles which had at first flickered past slowly and had been easy to notice, now were nothing but a whizzing blur.

Clickety-click, clickety-click, the wheels hummed and as Jim Morey picked up the rhythm it seemed to say: Here I come, here I come...clickety-click, clickety-click.

"Well, son," said the sheriff, attempting to break the stillness with nonsensical conversation. "Don't worry too much about it. If you keep your nose clean you'll be out before you know it."

"Shut-up," Jim snarled. "I don't need your advice."

"Okay. Just trying to be friendly."

"Don't."

The sheriff shook his head looking at his youthful charge who stared with vacant eyes out the window.

Clickety-click...clickety-click...went the steel wheels over the steel rails. Here I come... here I come...he thought. Yes, here I come is right! For twenty years! The best years of his life would now be spent in prison. Never again, at least for a long, long time, would he enjoy the pleasures which he had accepted as

part of living; meeting his girlfriend after work; going to a show or to the park; seeing the gang around the local poolroom; cutting-up at a dance hall. That was living and it had been fun. But now it was finished, him included. He was going to jail...to wear blue denims...to have a number... to be nameless. No more would he be permitted to think for himself. All his thinking would be done for him. His decisions from here on in would not be his own anymore. He would be told what to do, when to do it and where to do it.

The rage, pent-up in his body tore through him and he wanted to smash his fist through the glass window; at the man sitting opposite him...at anything. And even though he wanted to rebel he knew it would be useless. Something had gone out of him in the courtroom. All defiance had left his body and what remained now was nothing but a broken shell...a living dead man.

The sheriff across from him stirred and as Jim looked he saw him dig into his vest pocket, draw out a watch and glance at it. No sooner had he replaced it when the train gradually slowed down.

"Well, this is it, fellow," he said standing up and undoing

Every man has his price, and every woman her figure.

the shackle which held him captive to the seat. "This is where we get off."

The train came to a stop and the two men stepped off. Another tall, huskily built man met them

at the platform and whisked them to a car standing close by.

They sat silently as they drove along the smoothly paved road. Suddenly Jim saw the grey stone walls of the penitentiary in the distance towering high above them. It seemed as if it was placed upon a pedestal, but instead of something beautiful it was ugly and dreary and dismal. There was nothing which encouraged cheerfulness. It was nothing but a business...a business for men like himself.

The car stopped and the three men got out and began the short walk in silence to the massive steel gate. A guard on top of the wall called down to the sheriff in greeting. But this he was hardly aware of. Thoughts of escape entered his head and unconsciously he must have attempted to test the strength of the manacles about his wrists because the sheriff said in a dead tone:

"Don't get any ideas, buddy. It's too late now."

As the trio neared the gate, keys could suddenly be heard rattling. The wide door began to swing open with a loud creaking sound like an inner sanctum mystery; opening like the mouth of a huge whale which was about to engulf

Man's best possession is a sympathetic wife.--Euripedes.

and swallow him into its depth of mire and degradation.

A guard wearing a brown uniform neatly pressed, the buttons glistening as the sun's rays struck their sheen, stood waiting

for them. In his hand he held a ring of keys which would lock him in for an eternity.

"Come on in, Jack." He was looking at the sheriff. "Who'd ya bring for lunch this time." he

I like men who have a future, and woman who have a past. --O.Wilde.

cackled in an attempt to jar up a bit of humor.

After the two bailiffs and the prisoner had entered the penitentiary the gate closed with a loud and shattering clang behind them. He had come to the end of the road. This was it! This was where he was supposed to make his home for the next twenty years. A life! A whole life! Twenty years to be subjected to obedience and the mire of men thrown together into one human mass of snarling prisoners...men of a race apart.

Once inside the sheriff took his keys and snapped the handcuffs from Jim Morey's wrists. And while he stood to one side massaging the smarting skin, the guard that had opened the door began to converse with the two bailiffs in soft tones. The conversation was abruptly interrupted as the bell to the gate rang. The keeper, laughing lightly at something that had been said, went to the steel barrier and with his clanging keys opened it.

As the door stood open again, Jim Morey had a last look at the outside world. He looked with longing at the shining blue sky; the green grass; the budding flowers and at the trees with their branches swaying lightly in the bree-

ST. JOSEPH'S VOCATIONAL SCHOOL
1476 Portage Avenue
WINNIPEG

January 12, 1953.

Mr. A. Campbell,
Warden,
Stony Mountain Penitentiary,
Stony Mountain, Manitoba.

Dear Mr. Campbell:

It was very kind of you, Mr. Campbell, to allow six of our boys to attend a Christmas Party at the Penitentiary with Father Bedford. The boys really enjoyed everything very, very much - the refreshments, the entertainment, and the wonderful gifts which they received. We appreciate your making this very entertaining afternoon possible for them.

We wish also to say a very "big" thank you for the boxes of toys, candies, and things too numerous to mention. So many of the things were wonderful for our Kindergarten - the beautifully made rocking-horses, etc. The two pictures are lovely, and we are deeply grateful to whoever made them and to you for allowing them to be done for us.

Again thanking you for your kindness in thinking of us and our boys, and with every good wish for the Year 1953, we are,

Yours very sincerely,

SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE

SM/TB

sgd. Sister Mary Marcia,
Superior.

PENAL ECHO-ETTES

By S.C. Smith



PEN-O-RAMA, Quebec....Congratulations on your new equipment. The Dec. issues well done. We think your 'baby' is growing up fast, but what happened to pages: 53, 54, 55 and 56? We're curious, also several subscribers.

PATHFINDER, Prince Albert....Your "Detriment to Progress" in the Jan. issue are our sentiments exactly. Keep up the good work. How many goals has Marrese let in so far this season? A fan would like to know.

THE OUTLOOK, El Reno, Okla....For a one-man staff you sure do a job. Your answer to Citizen Tripp caught our eye. We hold with you that inane remarks such as this must be rebutted....We look forward to your next issue.

K.P. TELE-SCOPE, Kingston....Severson, one of our staff, is trying to locate an article he wrote in a 1951 issue of the Tele-Scope. If you can locate this issue will you forward it to our editor? It was an article on Justice.

EAGLE, Alderson, W.V....Can you do anything about sending us a

copy of your issue monthly? Believe us, we are anxious to read it.

HILL TOP NEWS, Ionia, Mich....We would like to receive your paper just as much as we like sending you ours. How about it?

THE INNER WORLD, Raleigh, N.C....How about some of the Inner World for some of the outer world? Let's hear from you.

PRESIDIO, Ft. Madison, Iowa... "Pots and Kettles and Such" by Matt Hendrie was truly worth reading. Our sentiments to the word. Keep up the good work, you're TOPS in our book.

SHADOWS, Salem, Oregon...We missed you in our mailbag? We really look for your issues. None since November.

C.B. DIAMOND, Collins Bay, Ont... Editor, Chas. Mattison is doing a noble job in filling Billy DeCoste's shoes. There is noticeable advancement in each of your issues. You set a fine example.

© ©

J U S T I C E

Who proclaims that wheels of justice grind
Exceedingly slow but exceptionally fine;
That men stand equal before the law
And justice triumphs without a flaw?

Who claims that the scales of justice stand
Uninfluenced by the human hand;
That the wretches in judgement before their peers
When sentenced deserve the allotted years?

Who says that the fold that blinds the sight
Of the Goddess of Justice is snugged up tight;
And is seldom loosened by wordly means,
Such as wealth, religion, or political mien?

Who makes these claims?
Who utters such pule?
Only a moron only a fool.

-- S. Severson.

